

# Can't Miss It: The Weekend

**PASTIES FOR PUPS:** It's the sort of name that doesn't require embellishment: Pasties for Pups! Wherein a group of high-minded gals got together to support area shelter puppies, all by stripping to their unmentionables. Burlesque for a cause, featuring: Blithe Night, Candy Apples, Cherry Tart, EmpeROAR Fabulous, Flirty Sanchez, Ginger Snapz, Lowa DaBoomboom, Minni Bobbins, Sara Dipity, Solange Corbeau, and Lemon Chiffon, with emcee Kai Curtis (the only fake name in the bunch). All proceeds go towards the animals at PAWS, so it's practically like you're doing a good deed.



*Friday 10:30 p.m. // The Jewelbox Theatre at the Rendezvous \$12 (or \$6 at the door with a donation to PAWS from their wish-list). 21+*

**MORE SANTAS THAN YOU CAN SHAKE A STICK AT (ALSO: DO NOT SHAKE STICKS AT SANTA):** Have you ever had a strong desire to join a herd of Santas? Actually, now that we think about it, we're pretty sure the collective noun is "sleigh". Have you ever wanted to join a sleigh of Santas? You have? Snowfall! For this Saturday is Santarchy, where everyone is encouraged to dress up as Santa (or Elf, Reindeer, Ornament, etc.) and slowly bar crawl across the city. This year, organizers have designated two starting points: 1) outside the International District Link Station at 5th and Weller, and 2) the Seattle Center Fountain. Pick the easiest for you, and show up around noon. Alternatively, if you live in or near Capitol Hill, you could just wait until the wave of reds and furs catches up with you. If you're thinking about participating, wear comfortable shoes and consider bringing some candy canes or something to hand out to passing kids. You might be publicly carousing, but you also represent the season.

*Saturday 12:00 p.m. - 2:00 a.m. // EVERYWHERE // FREE (21+)*

**ALL AGES:** Meanwhile, over at The Vera Project, there's an evening of music planned that might shake you loose from your Santa suit: Shenandoah Davis, Us On Roofs, Nude, last year's EMP Sound-off winners Tomten. From introspection to exploration, it'll be a night of melodic travel that will make you forget your beard.

*Saturday 7:30 p.m. // The Vera Project // \$8*

**LATE NIGHT BEAT:** Should you, after the day we've suggested, still be standing, then you are a champion and should celebrate as such. Howabout dancing victoriously into the night to the sounds of two local Afro-funk master classes: the Soukous (African rumba from the French and Belgian Congo) and Reggae combinations of Cordaviva, and the graceful moves of The Polyrhythmics. The evening's actively being billed as a late-night affair, so come work your groove for as long as you wanna.

*Saturday 10:30 p.m. // Re-bar // \$10 (21+)*

[http://seattlest.com/2011/12/16/cant\\_miss\\_it\\_the\\_weekend\\_110.php](http://seattlest.com/2011/12/16/cant_miss_it_the_weekend_110.php)

## Blue Notes & Upcoming Shows

« [Brian Enriquez speaks Blues & Bluster](#) | [Main](#) | For Rock Plaza Central, turn right into the Sunset »



### Thee Emergency ride into the Sunset

[Thee Emergency](#) play the Sunset in Ballard tonight, providing me a perfect opportunity to slide you this longform piece I did on them back in the day. It was written for Disheveled, and normally I'd just link you to it there, but it appears that not only has the mag gone up, but so has their online archive. C'est la vie d'internet, I guess.

I highly encourage you to read through: the members are good, smart, and charming, especially when I get out of the way. And once you do, go see 'em tonight. They put on a hell of a show.



*Photo by Rustee Pace*

"People keep saying you sound like this, you sound like that, or whatever," says Dita Vox. "Or they ask us what we sound like. We avoid answering questions like that. I say: 'We sound like The Emergency.'"

And that's a hell of a thing. In existence for just a little only a year, The Emergency have emerged as one Seattle's best bands, and one of the nation's greatest live shows. Fronted by Dita Vox and propelled by bassist Nick Detroit, guitarist Sonic Smith, and drummer Tom T. Drummer, The Emergency are here to change the music scene and make you shake your -ss.

"Tom was in my last band," says Smith. "We were in a band that played in a garage and nowhere else. But then we played a show with Nick's old band, whose name shall also go unmentioned. We ended up talking about Led Zeppelin and MC5 for a couple of hours after the show, and we went 'what are we doing in cr-ppy bands? Let's start a good band.' That was in November of 2004."

Dita Vox interjects. "No, it was earlier than that. You had already been hit by a car by then."

"Ok. Our band got together, and then I got hit by a car," says Smith. "We were all stoked about starting this band. We have a great singer, a great drummer, a great guitar player, and then BAM I got hit by a car, and we got derailed for six months."

"It actually helped out a little bit, because it made us start from ground zero," says Detroit.

"My right wrist was broken," says Smith. "That's where the early songs come from, because I'd pick up the guitar and go, 'what can I play?'"

What Smith and company figured out is that they can play very loud, very good songs that rip through your speakers and tear off your ears. Their demo was recorded in two days at a friend's studio two months before The Emergency played their first show.

"That's the thing that everybody, well, not everybody, but a few people who are listening are listening to," says Smith. "It's really upsetting for us, because we go play a show, and then we listen to the demo, and we're way beyond it. Our CD hasn't impressed anybody, you know what I'm saying? People listen to our CD because it's there. Our live show is far more impressive to people."

But at the time, they were still months away from blowing away audiences. Dita and Nick lived in Auburn, Tom and Sonic were in Ballard. They had to pay \$10 dollars an hour to practice at Hush.

"We didn't know any bands in the city," says Vox. "No one had a decent house. The studio we recorded at closed down. We had to pay for it."

"Ten dollars an hour, we had to haul our own equipment in, including our PA system, which was very bulky," says Smith. "That took a half an hour, that's five dollars. Rehearse for two hours, then another half an hour hauling everything out. Three times a week."

"We stopped practicing because we're all very very broke," says Vox.

"And then we started playing three times a week, so there was no reason to pay to practice," says Smith. "We'd practice at the clubs when no one would show."

The Emergency's first show, however, held at Bop Street Records in Ballard, was inordinately well attended. Bop Street is, so says The Rolling Stone, the world's best record store, making The Emergency a perfect fit.

"We put up 1200 flyers for that show," says Smith. "There was fifty people in Bop Street Records. For our first show. No one had ever heard of us yet, and we had all those people packed into the aisles, bobbing their heads. Since then our policy was to put up a ludicrous amount of posters for a show."

That was in May. Since that show, The Emergency has played 57 times in and around Seattle, which is amazing for two reasons: 1) they made that number in eight months, and 2) The Emergency aren't really equipped to be a touring band.

"We don't have a lot of things you need to tour," says Vox. "We don't have a bass head, we don't have a guitar amp."

"We only just bought our guitars," says Smith.

"We're in a really weird place given how critically successful we've been, because we don't have anything," says Vox. "We're still only a band that's been together for a year."

"I've been in bands that took a year to get their sh-t together," says Smith. "A year of practicing, writing songs, getting gear, finding a place to practice. Finally I'm in a band where BAM BAM BAM, ok, we're playing our first show. Huh? We just got together a month ago."

"I've got a full-on master plan," says Detroit. "Right now we're on the playing a lot of shows part of the plan."

So what's the next step?

"Recording an album," says Detroit. "Then touring."

Then record deal?

"Record deals come before, because we need them to pay for our record," says Detroit. "It's going to cost, not a lot, but enough. It's pretty budget, but still."

It might be a little easier to sell that record with Jim Diamond behind the boards. After hearing the band's demo, he called up the Emergency and offered to produce their first LP.

"He says it's going to sound the best if he records it," says Drummer. "No one else is going to make it sound better. And I believe him."

In preparation, the band has already written enough material to fill their first forty minute full-length, and half of the second.

"Our first album is going to be fast fast fast," says Smith. "Ten songs. Fast fast fast. The songs basically come from the records we're listening to. We'll hear an AC/DC record and go 'that's a great idea', and go downstairs and write a song."

"Everything's ripped off," says Detroit. "You can't write anything original anymore; it's just how creatively can you rip off all these bands that you listen to. How can take a band like Slaughter The Dogs and mix them with a band like The Mooney Suzuki? We're not ripping off riffs, we're just taking dynamics."

"And feeling," adds Vox.

"But nothing that they can hold us to," says Detroit.

"We just obsessively listen to music," says Smith.

Recent favorites on The Emergency's playlist: Captain Beefheart, The Dirt-Bombs, Sweatmaster ("They're from Denmark. They're a three-piece, and no one knows about them," says Detroit.) But the band doesn't just listen to records; all four of them are ardent supporters of live music.

Unfortunately, they've been rather nonplussed with Seattle's scene as of late.

"When I was a kid, I used to go to the Rock Candy, and I saw so many shows, so many good shows," says Detroit. "It's been completely downhill. Where'd all the good bands go? Where's all the attitude? Seattle has no attitude anymore. 'My band kicks -ss, I don't care what anybody says.' Where is that? I've seen so many bands that have so many fans, and all they do is stand there and bob their heads. Just because they're playing them on the radio or they got a write-up in the Stranger, that doesn't make them good. That doesn't mean you're worth my five dollars. I don't want to go to a show and have the band play their record. Give me a show, man. Bring it."

Well, you guys get played on the radio and get write-ups in the Stranger. What makes you worth my five dollars?

"We do not f-ck around when it comes to our live show," says Detroit. "There is energy at all points."

"We played with Ice Age Cobra at the Stanwood," says Smith. "There's this beam at the Stanwood Hotel, it's like a structural beam for the Stanwood, and it's probably just barely working since the Stanwood is falling down. Jordan [lead singer and guitarist for Ice Age Cobra] is playing and they're at a song where there's a big break when the guitar doesn't play at all, so he hands off his guitar to my friend Mike. Mike holds the guitar, Jordan climbs up this beam, wraps his leg around it, locks his legs, has Mike hand him back his guitar and move his mic stand over to him, and hangs from the ceiling and plays the rest of the song, hanging upside down from the f-cking ceiling. Absolutely crazy. The only thing we could do to top Jordan that evening—we were racking our brains—the only thing we could do was there's a point in the show where I play the guitar behind my head, so right before that I took all my clothes off and started to play my solo and do my guitar behind my head, and then Nick took all his clothes off."

"We played 75% of the show buck-ass naked," says Detroit.

"And as soon as you take your clothes off, everybody busts out a camera," says Smith. "The weirdest thing though is that as soon as you're naked, you can't make a mistake. It's so bizarre."

"The rest of the show was absolutely flawless," says Detroit. "You can't get naked and then mess up."

Words to live by, those. But The Emergency's gameplan isn't quite so scandalous. In fact, it's quite serious.

"When we started The Emergency," adds Vox, "One of our goals was that we want other bands to come up and say, 'Wait a minute. We can be cool too, and put on an awesome show.'"

"But you can't come out as one singular band, going 'We're in a band, and we're awesome'," adds Detroit. "You gotta get a nice group of local bands, bands like Jimmie Plame and the Sexy Boys, Ice Age Cobra, Jodie Watts. Jodie Watts has been playing for 10 years. They put on a fantastic live show, and we went and played a show with them in Kenmore, and there was eight people there. Why aren't more people coming to these shows? Why are fans going to see the wussiest, cr-ppiest stuff I've ever heard in my life here in Seattle. They're like, 'These guys are so awesome.' And I can't hear it. How can The Postal Service be the most popular band in a local record store, and f-cking Jodie Watts is playing tonight and there are eight people there. Explain that to me."

Detroit pauses and takes a swig of beer.

"I talk with people that play in bands all over the United States," continues Detroit. "They come to Seattle, and everybody's view of Seattle is this weak, soft music scene. Not a bad music scene, because the bands are doing good. There are bands doing awesome. The point though is that the scene is weak and soft. We went down to California and played for 20 people in Sacramento, and everyone in the whole f-cking crowd was shaking their -ss and having a great time. We played a show at the High-Dive and there were 200 people there, and only 20 people shaking their -ss. Where is this embarrassment coming from? Why is everyone so embarrassed to come to shows? I've seen band members who get up on stage, and it looks like the lead singer, or someone had to pay them to be there. It's like 'God, I have to play bass up here on this stage in front of all these people.' Why are you even here, man? Go f-cking work at McDonalds, you'll be just as unhappy."

The band laughs.

"A band like us, it was so hard to get put on a good bill," adds Vox. "And there was no good bill. We'd play the Central, and we'd play with some butt-rock band, and some punk band that sucks balls, and us. And we're awesome, but the crowd was already like, 'those other bands sucked, so we're going to leave.' People have fun with us, but they could be having fun the entire night. We've had so many people come on after us and say into the microphone to the whole crowd, 'Uh, we really don't want to play after that band, but we will.' And that's the wrong attitude, dude. You should be saying 'I'm glad that band just played, because now we're going to play our best show ever.'"

This is The Emergency. They are here to help.

"The Emergency wants to bring Seattle to a whole new level of awesomeness," says Vox. "That's the goal."

**Posted by [Tyson Lynn](#) at July 10, 2009 11:22 a.m.**

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# Nada Mucho

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## Neil Hamburger Interview: Tyson Lynn Sucks Lemons with America's Funnyman

By **Tyson Lynn**

Friday, 07 August 2009

Comedian Neil Hamburger is not content simply telling jokes. He lives the lifestyle. He gets it. A tireless performer (over 300 performances last year), Hamburger has never transcended the insulating niche of comedian's comedian, which is a true shame. It might also be an insult.

Hamburger plays it close to the vest. Critics call his work anti-comedy, crude navel-gazing from a talentless hack, but they speak from the Never store on the corner of Was and Will. Thankfully, Hamburger still took my call a few days after his recent—and triumphant—show at the Triple Door.

**NadaMucho.com: Good afternoon, Mr. Hamburger. Thanks for taking my call!**

Neil Hamburger: We had an inkling some of the larger journalists from Seattle would be calling. I'm glad we are able to speak, since I'm usually on-stage, or out in remote areas where there are no phones. I borrowed this phone, so it's a real treat.

**NM: Where are you at the moment?**

NH: Pasa Robles, 200 miles away from Hollywood. We'll play anywhere willing to let me do my thing. I sometimes do impromptu types of shows, for smaller amounts of money. For instance, someone will say "I'm sorry this casino burned down, but I've got a backyard down the street that would be perfect." You don't want to be on the side of the road, hemorrhaging cash.

**NM: You were recently in town, where you played the Triple Door. How'd it go over?**

NH: Were you at that show?

**NM: No.**

NH: The Seattle show was a triumph. In a room like that, you got to do well. You don't want to end up six feet under dirt. But the audience seemed to have laughter on their agenda. Sometimes you get these lemon suckers who won't laugh at anything.

**NM: And what are you up to now, post-show?**

NH: Traveling by Greyhound. My car got towed in King Arthur City, Nebraska. We weren't playing there—I'd love to play in King Arthur City—but had stopped to get a bite to eat, buy some tomatoes, and they towed my car. Greyhound is my least favorite way to travel, because of the other passengers, with their emotional and personal problems. There was one guy who was masturbating in his seat, and they kicked him off the bus on the side of the road and called the state patrol.

You've got to have a vehicle for this profession. Sometimes, there are these guys who deliver refrigerators or some such across the state and you can catch a ride with them. We don't get a lot of delivery drivers at the shows. We get a lot of the unemployed and these musician creeps. I'll take anybody. I'm there to help with the gift of laughter, but sometimes you run into people with drinking problems, emotional problems. I feel bad for them, but I feel worse for myself, cause I'm just trying to make them laugh.

**NM: I hear ya. Where are you heading?**

NH: I'm playing a show in National City with some real jerks, if last time I was down here is any indication.

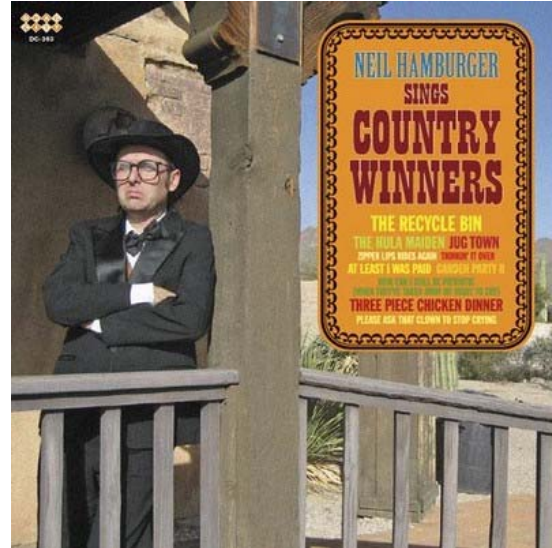
**I'm sure it won't be that bad.**

NH: Ha! I'm being sued all over the place. Defamation of character from these asshole comedians. A lawsuit from a certain potato chip brand that tastes horrible. It's not even the chip, it's the salt they use. My ex-wife, a cousin, an Indian casino in Nevada. I didn't pay rent on my storage locker for six months, so they're suing me. They seized all my things and sold them, but they're still suing me.

**NM: Jesus. You sound pretty strapped.**

NH: I don't have time to offer anything for free, since I'm traveling so much, but I'll offer anything for money. All the agency fees, transportation, lawsuits, food, it's hard to make money. But if someone wants some advice, I'll give it to them, and ask for a dollar.

**NM: How about love? You mentioned an ex-wife. You got a girl?**



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NH: Not in a relationship. Not something that's working out. All this travel is taking its toll on me. I have numerous throat infections.

**NM: The Californian dry heat must be good for that.**

NH: But we're not always playing here. We'll play swamplands, suburban areas, the outskirts of town. The outskirts of town have been really good lately.

**NM: So what is next for you?**

NH: We're playing shows in Texas and Ireland. I'm thinking I'll get some hot sauce while I'm in San Antonio and put it on some potatoes when I'm in Dublin. It's not often you can eat that well. I was in Del Taco, a chain, and they have hot sauce up by the counter. If you're careful, you can palm about 10 of

those packets while you're asking where the bathroom is. And it makes all the difference when, before a show, you get your food--a handful of wet bread, some canned peas—to add some hot sauce.

**NM: You've played overseas several times before. Are there any references you use people don't understand?**

NH: Fuck them. I'm doing everything I can. I'm not going to hire an interpreter. When I was in Malaysia, I learned a few phrases, and that seemed to go over well.

*Neil Hamburger is a comedian's comedian. His shows are too numerous to list here. For more information, visit [America's Funnyman](#)*

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# The Long Walk Back

*Cascadia by moleskin  
the trails are there someone has to  
put their foot down.*

- Paul Nelson, from *his poetical recap of The Long Walk*

The King County Regional Trail System spans over 175 miles, bounded by Bothell, Auburn, Seattle, and the Cascades. It is one of the nation's largest trail networks, with paths for travel by hikers, equestrians, and walkers alike. And this past weekend, I and 50 other folks covered a not insignificant portion of them. The brainchild of artist Susan Robb in conjunction with 4Culture, The Long Walk is many things: an reframing of time and space, a glowing love letter to our parks and trails, an experimental venue for site-specific pieces of art, and an exercise in endurance, because 50 miles is actually quite a distance when taken on foot.

Between 5:00 a.m. last Thursday at Golden Gardens and coming to a blistered rest Sunday afternoon at Snoqualmie Falls, we walkers explored Magnuson Park from beach to hangar, met the people of Duvall in a decommissioned train depot, discussed the nature of landscape by a re-purposed barn in Carnation, and tried to spot the bottom of the falls by Salish Lodge. The entire weekend was spent in engaged constitutionals, thoughtful meanders, intentional pacings.

For me—someone who does not take hikes and who had not, before this, walked more than one mile of the Burke-Gilman, even though I live in Ballard—the Walk was transformative. I did not know the extent of the trails, nor how they connected the city and the county, and I had little desire to find out. Why would I? This is why I have a truck.

Now, I'm struck by the possibility of going cross-town via tree-shaded trails, scheduling extra time to get where I'm going, devoting weekends to hikes and undirected rambles. Why wouldn't I? This is why I have a bike. Feet. Access.

And access, turns out, was a contentious word during the Walk. Articles from Josh Feit at Publicola and Mike Seely at Seattle Weekly went live Thursday and Friday, decrying the use of public funds on The Walk, especially since the group of Walkers themselves numbered only 50. What Seely and Feit seem to be most concerned by is whether a percentage of the public constitutes The Public and, if so, what that percentage should be.

Seely, in particular, seems particularly chuffed by it, calling me (not specifically or anything, just the Walkers in general) an "in-the-know urban scenester". Which is true, I guess, in that I read about The Walk in *The Stranger* last year and saw the open call for applicants that 4Culture put up this year. It's true in that I was familiar with and interested by the project. There is a degree, I must allow, to which the audience for this is self-selecting, but seems to me there's a saying about forest and trees that might be applicable.

Personally, I think most art is not for all people. The only difference here is that the size of the audience for this piece of art is specific and known. Your interaction with The Long Walk is my telling you about it. At least this year. But maybe what you read here will excite you in the same way I was excited when I read Jen Graves' coverage in *The Stranger*. Maybe next year, you'll keep an eye out for The Long Walk's call for walkers. And maybe you'll be as surprised as I was by the expanse and accessibility of these trails, their beauty and adventure, and without needing to wait for someone to lead you, you'll take off on your own.

<http://www.thelongwalkseattle.com/2011/08/03/from-seattlest/>

# Sound-off! An Underage Battle: Land of Pines

What's that you're looking for? Land of Pines? Heard it was one of the last peaceful groves around here, a veritable free-standing history book in bark, a—eh, what's the line?—verdant copse of repose? Someone back the way you came said just go further? Well, they didn't tell you wrong. But they didn't tell you everything.

See, back in aught nine, Fate intervened to separate two fast friends, like Fate will. Came calling in Education's guise, sending one East and one West with the whole of our great Country in between. And you can imagine what it's like to be alone somewhere new, wanting only to share it with a person—that *one* person—who understands. Can't you? Well, they had no need of imagining. They was living it. So, being enterprising young folk, like young folk usually are, they start leveraging the post. They'd write ditties and jingles and melodies and fanfares and various what have yous, box them up, and send them out into the sunset. Or the sunrise, depending on who was doing the sending.

Anyhow, all that mail got them pining for each other something fierce, so when summer came on again, they found themselves a nice quiet island to set up camp. That island right over there. Every night, they played until the dark turned crepuscular. Every night, filling the very air with poppy melodies and mesmerizing words. Every night, all summer long. But when fall came thumping in, they didn't come out. The trees would not reveal them.

Their campsite was a suggestion when we found it. Just an evergreen dent. They weren't nothing more than memories. And still the night sang. Still does too, a breathy little aria in the wind. After a while, the whole place came to be known as Land of Pines, which was a damn sight better than Missing Friend Island, and people mostly forgot about what happened.

No one goes there much anymore. It's real pretty around this time, specially up where the campsite was. You can't find it on your own, though. There's no clear path. Tell you what. We'll take you.

Land of Pines will welcome Micah B, The Oh Wells, and Kids and Animals this Saturday at the EMP|SFM's last semi-final for Sound-Off! Take a friend.

*Saturday 7:00 p.m. // EMP|SFM // \$10 (\$7 students / EMP|SFM members)*

*[http://seattlest.com/2011/02/23/sound-off\\_an\\_underage\\_battle\\_land\\_o.php](http://seattlest.com/2011/02/23/sound-off_an_underage_battle_land_o.php)*

# Your Weekend events



**BASS ABDUCTION:** The evocatively named Space Virgins are steep starring the Electric Tea Garden with a mix of dance, cocktails, and soul-expanding house, all in a silk pouch. DJs Levi Clark, Recess, Kadeejah Streets, Tait Collins, and Aksion are on-hand to spin until hours crepuscular. Proceeds go to the Space Virgin/Area47's

upcoming Burning Man installation entitled Operation Insemination, which features, in their swirling purple phrasing "The Sirens of Triton from planet Neptune swooping down to planet Earth to abduct innocent humans and inseminate them with their alien laser light." Sounds pretty damn good to me. Get abducted.

*Friday 10:00 p.m. – 4:00 a.m. // Electric Tea Garden // \$10 (21+)*

**DEBAUCHED IN COLUMBIA CITY:** At this point, if you don't know about Titanium Sporkestra and The Bad Things, it's probably time for an intervention. Well, a reverse intervention, actually. One where we sit you down, set you up with a handle, and put you in the front row. Now, to be fair, I haven't heard of Oakland's Bobby Joe Ebola & the Children MacNuggets, but given that they call themselves "the vaudeville routine for your personal apocalypse", I think they're in good company.

*Friday 8:00 P.M. // Columbia City Theater // \$12*

**SAVE THE BIKERY:** The Bikery is volunteer run, non-profit bike project which provides the tools and resources to help you learn about your bike and fix it yourself. Unfortunately, The Bikery is in financial straits, which is why tonight the fabulous surrounding community is coming together to guide it through and cheer it on. So join Orkestar Zirkonium, Agatha, Olympia's Dogjaw, and The Creakies for a cake walk, raffle, and a wall of love. Put a pushpin through a paper heart down into the spackle.

*Friday 8:00 p.m. // The Vera Project // \$10*

**SPEAK UP STRONG:** Saturday afternoon, the North African American Museum will host a presentation of spoken word by the the Dr. Carver Gayton Youth Curator Program. The Youth Curators have spent the last 12 weeks working on poetic responses to to Xenobia Bailey's The Aesthetics of Funk, which the museum is hosting. Now they are ready to lend you their lenses in hopes that you might better understand the presentation's title: First Impressions – Inner Expressions

*Saturday 1:00 p.m. // NAAM (2300 S Massachusetts Street) // FREE*

**FINALLY DRY?:** The 9th annual Moisture Festival's four weeks and 50+ shows comes to end this Sunday, marking the end of another whirlwind season. It makes me sad to see it go. Over the past month, I've seen a ping-pong ball spat at an airborne tin can, an a capella rendition of an early Waits song, and a giant squirrel eat a small boy. And I mean, that's just for instance. These last shows feature, among many, many others: Bindlestiff Family Cirkus, Godfrey Daniels, Raspyni Brothers, Fremont Philharmonic Orchestra, Louie Foxx, Quiddlers, Ropeworks by René, and so so so much more. Come join the circus.

*Friday 7:30 and 10:30 p.m.; Saturday 3:00, 7:30, and 10:30 p.m.; Sunday 3:00 and 7:30 p.m. // Hale's Palladium // \$10-\$22*

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